



LURA V. RANSON.

Correspondence Column

Pink Tea Mixed Up.

Dear Editor.—I noticed while reading the page today that my story entitled "The Pink Tea" was all mixed up. It was called on the page "The Pink Tea." Part of it was at the top of the page and the rest just below my other story entitled "Tree Fungus." Oh, well, it doesn't matter. I think the page is improving, don't you? I read and enjoy it very much every Sunday. I wait eagerly every Sunday for it. I am always disappointed if there is not a letter from you for I love to read them. Next week I want to send you two Christmas stories, which I hope to see in print. Christmas Day, I hope you will publish my story, "Fingling," for I would hate to have it remain the waste basket. It showed how today for the first time this winter, and of course I was real glad to see the snow. I want to go to Bristol before Christmas, and I am sure I am going. I know I will enjoy myself for I always do when I go to Bristol. Margaret Vance Ropp, a friend of mine, may go with me. I hope she will, for then we would have twice as good a time. I am coming back on December 22nd, for I could never stay away from home on Christmas or Christmas Eve. For Christmas I want Santa Claus to bring me a book, a pair of kid gloves, a muff and fur, candy, nuts, oranges, raisins and grapes, and I suppose that is all.

MARGARET VANCE ROPP.
Shenandoah, Va.

Enjoys Hearing from Members.

Dear Editor.—I have been several weeks since I had the pleasure of sending anything to our page. First, I wish to try to thank you for the place you sent me. I appreciate it more than I can express. I have not had much time to do anything since coming to school, not even to keep up correspondence with our club members. I enjoy hearing from them so much. I received some excellent drawings from them, especially from "Carnation," "Callaway," "John Terry" and "Gordon Kippie" and others. I am not at school today, so have attempted to do some and enclose two to our club for our page, who is so patient and kind to us of the T. D. C. C. Your grateful member,
Prospect, Va.

Wishes All a Merry Christmas.

Dear Editor.—I was very much pleased to see my drawing and letter in print. I closed up my pen and a January heading, also a drawing. It showed how to-day, but it will have more snow this year than we had last year. Wishing you and all the members a merry Christmas. As you are a New Year, I remain as ever, your true member,
EVELYN E. DYKE.
504 Washington Avenue, Newport News, Va.

Thinks Holly Is Beautiful.

Dear Editor.—Many thanks for the beautiful model of a holly leaf. I received it a few days ago. I wrote a card to Blanche Anthony and got an answer very soon. I am so glad she is nearly well. How nice the members have been holly growing! We have an abundance of it this year. I think it is beautiful. Had a pleasant Thanksgiving. We had some snow to-day. It is six inches deep. I hope you will have a pleasant Christmas. I remain, your member,
J. BRUCE KENDRICK, WOODVILLE, Va.
Fayette, W. Va.

Wants to Exchange Cards.

Dear Editor.—I have written for a long time, but will try to write more often now, as I do not have to study as hard as I did. Please send me a badge and put my name on the postcard exchange, as I would like to join. I am sending answers to some of the puzzles that are in the page today. Yours truly,
JOHN CORNELIUS,
Island, Va.

When She Was a Little Girl.

Dear Editor.—I belong to the page when I was a little girl, but I have not written anything for a long time. I was playing in a field with some little friends and I hid behind a barrel and I had on a red stocking cap. A cow came by and took my cap off and was eating it. I jumped up and ran. The cow was a beautiful color. She knocked the barrel over and ran away. I guess she thought my cap was a bit red apple. From old member,
ELISIE H. RUDD,
215 East Marshall Street.

Hoping for Good Skating.

Dear Editor.—Thank you very much for awarding me the weekly prize last week. I haven't received it, but I know it will be something nice. I am sending you in this envelope a heading for January. Which I hope will be in print, but there are so many good drawings sent in for headings that I can only hope it will be in the weather in Richmond now? We had our first snow-storm yesterday (the 23), but it melted this morning. Still the weather is pretty cold and we hope for good skating soon. I hope all of the T. D. C. C. members will have a fine Christmas and a long vacation. Your sincere friend,
EDGAR MARBURG, JR.,
4315 Baltimore Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Another Busy Student.

Dear Editor.—I have not forgotten the club. The reason why I haven't written before is because I have been so busy at school. I have made up my mind to be more regular in writing. I am sending you a heading for January. I hope it will be in print. I would like very much to correspond with the members of the club. As my letter is growing long will close, with best wishes to the club. With love,
HILARY BYRD JONES,
P. O. Box 68, Warrenton, N. C.

Will Be Careful Hereafter.

Dear Editor.—I enclose a few drawings, which I hope to see in print. I have been in several drawings, just signing my name, not knowing the post-office should be signed. I sent Blanche Anthony, whom I stated I wrote the story, "Indian Jim," and am sorry to have caused you any trouble. I am very busy in school and do not have much time to write to the page. With best wishes to the club, I remain your member,
ALETHA HANCOCK,
Hamlet, N. C.

Getting Well After Fever.

Dear Editor.—I will drop you a few lines to let you know why I have not written before. I have been sick with typhoid fever nearly six weeks, but am walking about now, and I hope to be well enough to go back to school soon. With much love to the club, sincerely yours,
ELIZABETH PENICK.

A Drawing and Charade.

Dear Editor.—I am a little boy ten years old, and I wish to join the T. D. C. C. Please send me a badge. Enclosed you will find a drawing and a charade. I hope Mr. Wastepaper Basket is not very hungry and will not swallow them. Yours true friend,
T. B. DUNN.

The First Snow Fall.

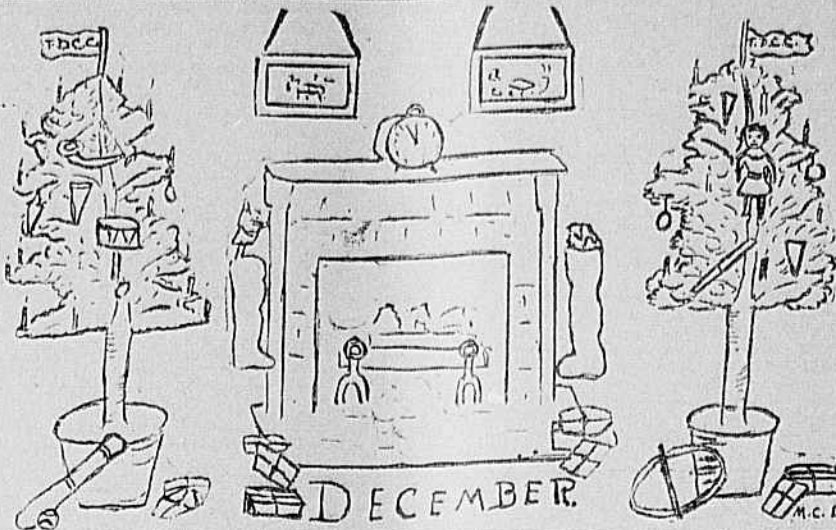
Dear Editor.—To-day is the first day we have had any snow, but it has been a long time expected. That made me think of writing this Christmas picture, which I enclose. My turtle that I brought home from Virginia is taking his winter sleep now under the ground. Well, I guess you and all the T. D. C. C. members a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. I am your member,
LURA V. RANSON.

Enjoys the Page.

Dear Editor.—I enjoyed the page this week, but was disappointed a little in not seeing my picture in print, although I have obeyed the rules. But I do not want to be selfish. I sent Blanche Anthony, a card Thanksgiving, but I don't suppose she received it as she did not mention my name in her letter. I guess she is well now and I am glad to hear it. Wishing good luck to you and the members. I remain,
LURA V. RANSON.

Christmas Is Coming.

Dear Editor.—How are you getting along this snowy weather? It snowed most of the day Monday and rained and hailed also. I enclose a picture. Christmas is but one week off. I think the December heading is so cute. I am getting along very nicely at school. I like my teacher fine. I will close now and go to studying. Wishing you and all the T. D. C. C. members a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. I am your member,
T. B. DUNN.



Editorial and Literary Department.

WHAT I DID THANKSGIVING.

I went to the country Thanksgiving, and had a fine time. After dinner I was sitting down on a log of wood in the yard, when my Uncle Bob came and called me and asked did I want to go hunting with him. And I said, "I would like to go very much." We went about a mile away from the house. We didn't kill but two rabbits and three birds; so after a while Uncle Bob said, "We had better go home now." So we turned around and started back. When we had gone a little ways we saw three large turkeys come out of the woods. My uncle grabbed his gun and shot two of them, and you may just imagine how proud we felt getting ready to eat wild turkey.

The next day when we were about to sit down to dinner a countryman came riding up to inform us some one had killed two of his tame turkeys, so the laugh was on us, and Uncle Bob had to pay for the turkeys, but we enjoyed them just the same.

Composed by
HAROLD SPENCER.
Lynchburg, Va.

RAGGY LUG.

Once upon a time there lived a little rabbit and his mother. They lived in a field of broomstraw in a nest. Every day the mother would go out and get food for their dinner. The little rabbit's name was Raggy Lug.

One day as the mother was leaving she said to Raggy Lug, "Stay in the house and don't even look out." So Raggy Lug promised that he would. After his mother had left for the place over in another field a good ways away, where she got their food, he grew lonesome. A ladybug climbed up on a weed and dropped down in the nest, but Raggy Lug didn't move his nose or his ears. A bird sang up in the tree above him, but Raggy Lug didn't move his nose or his ears.

Soon he heard a noise in the straw outside the nest. It came nearer and nearer, till Raggy Lug could make out plainly what it said. It kept on saying "Sh-h-h-h," till Raggy Lug was not only scared, but was full of curiosity. What was that thing outside?

(To Be Continued.)
Your new member,
T. B. DUNN.

BEATEN BISCUIT.

God bless you, Honey, I'll tell you how to beat a dem biscuit. Come listen now. Get a baseball bat, like de boys play wid.

Dat's jes as good as what he had. Sift a quart of flour—no more at fus! 'Cause you don't want to waste dat 'precious dust!'

Den take de lard, 'bout de size of a egg—a small hen egg at dat—'For 'tain't de grease dat does de work, but dat air baseball bat.

Den add de salt, an' mix 'em dry. Den add de water. I'll tell you why. You don't want much water, de beaten, you know.

Is what makes de softness of dat dough. Some say beat 'em so many licks. I say beat 'em till dat dough don't stick—

Till when your finger go in de print it's made 'em chile, an' I know what it's 'bout.

Den roll 'em out 'bout thick as your han' And cut 'em an' stick 'em an' put 'em in de pan.

Now comes de cookin', an' it must be slow. And not too fast for dey'll blister, you know.

Den when dey come to a nice light brown, An' a nice little crack bus' open all round.

I take 'em in de house and I hear mistla say: "Lizzie, your biscuits are fine to-day!"—bless dem days!

FRANCIS ANDERSON.
Third Street.
312 South Street.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I was born near Abingdon, Washington county, Va., April 26, 1897.

"She who in April dates her years Diamond should wear, lest bitter tears From vain repentance flow; this stone, Emblem of innocence, is known."

I lived in the country seven years with my mother, father and a sister, who is almost five years older than me. My father is a doctor, so, of course, he had to hire some one to do the

farming. My step-grandmother and grandfather and half-aunt, who was three weeks older than me, lived a half-mile from us. Of course, we were always together.

Once grandmother missed us and hunted the house over for us and called us for ever so long and was worried nearly to death, when at last she found us, wringing wet, trying to sweep the gravel out of the crack for they hurt our feet. That was when we were three years old.

When we were four papa took us to Richmond, Baltimore, Virginia Beach and other places. In a circus in Baltimore I slipped away from mother and was found with the clown in a cage.

In a park in Richmond we met Governor Tyler, and papa, knowing him, stopped to talk a few minutes. "Margaret," he asked, "will you shake hands with me?"

"O, sir," I promptly answered. "But why wouldn't you like to shake hands with the Governor of Virginia?" he asked, astonished.

"My hands are ill, for I am feeding the squirrels," I replied. "But you can lay your things down; that is no reason," he exclaimed. "Now what is the reason?"

"You are just too big and fat," was my surprising answer.

In March, 1903, a baby boy came to our home. He was very, very sweet. When I was seven we moved to the beautiful valley of Shenandoah, to the town of Shenandoah, Va. We had been living here about one week when a fire broke out and threatened to burn the whole block on which we live. A great deal of excitement prevailed, but the block was saved.

My brother died after we moved here and we took him back to Southwest Virginia, where he now sleeps. 1910 finds and leaves me a simple, merry schoolgirl of thirteen.

MARGARET ROPP.
Shenandoah, Va.

DANIEL BOONE.

Daniel Boone was a native of Virginia, and was also one of the first to penetrate the savage wilds of Kentucky, on an expedition to explore which he departed with five companions May 1, 1769. Boone, with John Stewart, was captured by the Indians not long after their arrival in Kentucky, but soon managed to escape. Their companions had returned home, whither they would have followed them, if for the timely arrival of Squire Boone. Daniel's brother, with refreshments, Stewart being soon after slain, the two Boones remained the only white men in the wilderness. In 1773 Boone, with his own and five other families, a body of forty men, took up the march of emigration from Virginia to Kentucky, but in consequence of the hostility of the Indians they returned to the settlements on Clinch River. In 1775 Boone built a fort at Salt Springs, on the southern bank of the Kentucky River, on the site of Boonesborough. After some raiding several sieges he was taken by the savages February 7, 1778, while hunting with some of his men. The Indians soon learned to respect and value Boone, who was adopted by one of the chiefs of Chillicothe, but the thought of his wife and children, and his desire to attempt to escape, after traveling for four days, taking but one meal, he arrived at Boonesborough, which was 160 miles from the place of his captivity. On the 8th of August an attack on the fort commenced by a body of Indians and Canadian French, which continued until the 20th, when the siege was abandoned. This was the last attempt made upon Boonesborough. From 1782 till 1798 Boone lived alternately in Kentucky and Virginia. In 1798, having obtained from the Spanish government a grant of land in Upper Louisiana, he removed thither with his children and friends, who were also presented with land. He settled on the Missouri River, beyond the limits of other settlements, and employed himself in the wild life of the forest, hunting and trapping, until 1820, when he died, aged nearly ninety. He had for a long time been sensible of the approach of death, and had a coffin made out of a favorite cherry tree, which he brought to a high degree of polish by continual rubbing.

(The End.)
HOWARD DAVIS, JR.,
1216 West Cary Street, Richmond.

A LOST GIRL.

There was once a little girl; her name was Beesie; her mother sent her to the woods to get blackberries, and while she was there some Gypsies came and stole her. It was drawing near night. Her mother called and called her, but she did not hear her answer. She went to look for her, but could not find her. She worried and worried herself. When her husband came home she told him all that had happened.

He looked and looked for her. It seemed in vain. They sat down a little while thinking that she would come in a little while. They looked at the watch and it was 9 o'clock, and they never found her.

Composed by
LOUISE COLLIER.
North Emporia, Va.

THE CASTLE OF BAD HABITS.

There is a beautiful pathway that leads to this castle. There are not any grills in the path to hurt tender feet as they go on to the castle. There are many shady trees on the way to rest under.

Many people take this road instead of the road to the Castle of Good Habits. The pathway to the Castle of Good Habits is rough and steep. The castle of Bad Habits is dark and dirty, and everybody must try to enter the Castle of Good Habits.

CHARLES OLD DANCE.

MY CAT TRIXIE.

Trixie is the dearest little cat you ever did see. He is a gray and white cat, as fat as a butter ball. He goes over into papa's garden and catches sparrows. When you call the fish man he comes and sits down at the fish wagon and cries like a baby. Sometimes the fish man gives him a little fish. He likes fish better than I. He hides in papa's waste basket, and sticks his paw out through a hole in it, and catches at us when we go past it. Last Sunday he caught a mouse in the cook room. Wonder if any of the T. D. C. C. children have a cat as smart as mine.

GARY ESTELLE TURNER.
1118 Twenty-sixth Street, Newport News, Va.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Alice. She saw a little white rabbit and ran after it. The rabbit ran down a hole, Alice ran after it. She went right straight down. She came to a shelf, and on it was a jar. She looked at it and it was a jar. Nothing was in it. She put it back on another shelf. About that time she fell upon a lot of sticks and dry leaves. That was the last of the fall. She looked up, but it was dark. She looked all around her. She found that she was in a little hall with lights hanging from the roof. She went down one side of it and up the other side, and she did not see nothing, so she went down the middle. She saw a little table. It was all glass. She saw a little key, so she said that maybe it went to a lock of the doors, so she tried it. But it did not fit. She went over the second time. The key fitted one of the doors. She went in it. It led her in a little hall about as big as a rat hole. She went back to the table. On it was a little bottle and a little piece of paper tied around the neck. The piece of paper was written, "Drink me!" so Alice went to see if it was marked poison. It was not marked poison, so she went back and drank it up. She shrank down until she was not as high as a foot rule. And that was the last of Alice.

ARTHUR C. CRAWFORD.
DeWitt, Va.

Long ago some glorious news was revealed. Unto the shepherds who were abiding in a field.

They were keeping watch over their flock by night. When there suddenly appeared around them a light.

This dazzling light indicated Jehovah's Angel of the Lord also made his appearance.

The shepherds were very much frightened, but the angel said: "I bring you good tidings." He also bade them "Be not afraid." The news, which was to be enjoyed by all the world.

Was that a Saviour was born, our Christ and Lord. The angel told the shepherds where the babe could be found.

It was in a manger, not in the home of the proud.

Suddenly appeared a multitude of angels, who praised God. They were delighted at the birth of Christ the Lord.

The shepherds quickly went unto the manger in Bethlehem. There they found Jesus, the Saviour of men.

After they had made numerous presents and worshipped the Lord. They returned, glorifying and praising God.

We should all be thankful to our Lord for sending His Son, the Saviour, into the world.



HARRY WILLIAMS.

Puzzle Department

PICTURE PUZZLES.



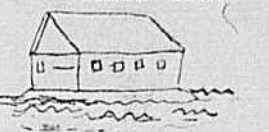
WHAT FIVE SUMMER PASTIMES?
EDGAR MARBURG, JR.,
4319 Baltimore Avenue, Philadelphia.

A Day All Children Love.
My first is in cat, but not in at.
My second is in harp, but not in car.

My third is in run, but not in fun.
My fourth is in is, and also in his.
My fifth is in sir, but not in dr.
My sixth is in fan, but not in sand.
My seventh is in moon, and also in room.

My eighth is in and, also in sand.
My ninth is in in, but not in pat.
My tenth is a day all children love to see.
T. B. DUNN.
Ford, Va., Dinwiddie county.

STATE PUZZLE.



VAN T. GARRETT, JR.

WHAT STATE?
VAN T. GARRETT, JR.,
Williamsburg, Va.

Jumbled Girls' Names.

Laam.
Arin.
Ditch.
Llase.
Vnea.
Vnaa.

VAN T. GARRETT, JR.,
Williamsburg, Va.

Names of Cities in Figures.
18, 3, 3, 3, 13, 13, 14, 4.
16, 5, 20, 5, 13, 19, 2, 21, 13, 7.
14, 5, 23, 26, 15, 18, 11.
4, 1, 14, 23, 9, 12, 12, 9.

MARY COINTESS HOPKINS.
2802 East Grace Street, city.

ANSWERS.

To State Puzzle.
1. The most religious State—"Tex," Texas.
2. The most egotistical State—"I," Indiana.
3. Not a State for the unity—"Wash," Washington.
4. The most Asiatic—"Ind," Indiana.
5. The father of States—"Pa," Pennsylvania.

6. The most maidenly—"Miss," Mississippi.
7. The most useful in haying time—"Mo," Mexico.
8. Best State in time of flood—"Ark," Arkansas.
9. Decimal State—"Me," Maine.
10. State of exclamation—"Oh," Ohio.

11. The most unhealthy State—"Ill," Illinois.
12. State where there is no such word as fail—"Kan," Kansas.

H. BYRD JONES.
Warrenton, N. C., P. O. Box 68.

Answers to boys' names in figures, by Estelle Gates:
1. David.
2. Albert.
3. William.
4. Edward.
5. Andrew.
6. Johnson.
7. Clifford.
8. James.
9. Frank.
10. Joseph.

Island, Va.
Answers to boys' names in figures, by Griffith McRee:
1. Theron.
2. James.
3. Pergus.
4. Charles.
5. Theodore.
6. Clement.
7. Laurence.
8. Arthur.
9. Cornelius.
10. Alan.

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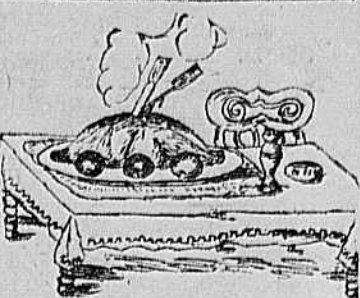
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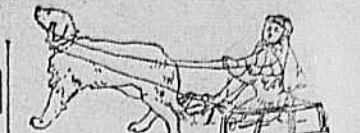
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HUGH JACKSON.



THELMA TIGNOR.



FRANCIS ANDERSON.



JOHN B. SCHNEIDER.



VAN T. GARRETT, JR.



CARR PAYNE.



VERNETTE HAASE.



VESTA CLAYTON.



S. FARTHING.



HORTENSE CLAYTON.



EDITH ALLEN.



EDITH ALLEN.



EDITH ALLEN.



EDITH ALLEN.

